

BOWLING & WILLSON, BOOTS, : BOOTS!

The Leading House for Fine and Late Style Goods, Consisting of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, —AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Our stock is larger and more complete than any heretofore brought to this market. A great variety of

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES.

OLD LADIES' SHOES,

FARMERS' BOOTS AND SHOES.

GENTS' FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,

LADIES AND MISSES FINE SHOES.

Soft and Stiff Hats,

Gents' Fine Underwear and Hosiery.

Collars, Cuffs, Shirts and Ties

Boots and Shoes made to order, and any Boot or Shoe we sell that rips we will have it

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE.

Money saved by examining these goods before buying elsewhere.

BOWLING & WILLSON.

17 Franklin Street.

J. F. WOOD,

65 Franklin Street,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HARDWARE,

Queensware,

Glassware,

Tinware,

Stoves, Grates,

ROOFING, GUTTERING

Tin and Sheet-Iron Work

At Lowest Prices.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent

Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses,

Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins,

P. M. Fumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines, and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours.

March 18, 1882—tf

The Clarksville Wagon Co.

Reduces its Prices.

We have on hand a large stock of superior Wagons of all the various sizes, and made of the very best materials, which we now offer at a reduction of \$10.00 to \$15.00 per Wagon, according to size, below our previous prices. The TIMBER used in our Wagons has been seasoning under our sheds from 3 to 5 years and is of the very best.

Every Wagon Warranted.

All who need Wagons would do well to see and price our stock before buying.

JOS. ELLIOTT, Manager.

March 9, 1882.

Sewanee Planing Mill

G. B. WILSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

Builders' Material of Every Description.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Cor. Spring and Commerce Sts

Clarksville Tenn

Jan. 1, 1880—tr.

Magistrates' Blanks for Sale at this office

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POWER OF LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

I had always thought that the geographers did not know what they were doing when they placed the battle-field of Munda in the country of Castile, near the modern Munda, some leagues north of Marbella. From my own lectures upon the text of the anonymous author of *Don Quixote*, and from some researches made in the excellent library of the Duke of Ossuna, I thought it would be necessary to look in the regions about Montilla for the memorable place where, for the last time, Caesar played for double or quits against the champions of the republic. Finding myself in Andalusia in the earlier part of Autumn of the year 1880, I made a very long and thorough research with the aim of clearing away any doubts that remained with me upon that subject. A treatise that I intended to publish shortly, I hope, leave no more uncertainty in the minds of any lover of archaeology, or geographer. In the meanwhile, I thought of publishing my dissertation that is to solve the geographical problem which now holds all the geographers of Europe in suspense. I wish to relate a little story. It will not prejudice in the least the absorbing question as to the location of the battle-field.

I had hired at Cordova a guide and two horses, and had started for the country with the commodities as not to be without any baggage. One day while wandering in the elevated part of the plain of Cordova, I was asked by a man, dying of thirst, for a drink of water. I was willing to oblige him, and I was about to do so, when I perceived that some distance from the path I was following, a little green meadow scattered with rocks and rushes, indicated the proximity of a spring. In fact, upon approaching, I saw that the supposed meadow was a marsh in which a little brook fast itself, issuing, as it seemed, from a narrow gorge between two steep hills of the Sierra de Cabra, and that in ascending I would find the water cooler, fewer leeches and frogs, and perhaps a little shade among the rocks at the entrance of the gorge. My horse neighed, and another horse, out of sight, immediately responded. I had hardly taken a hundred paces, when I suddenly, without warning, showed me a sort of natural cavern, perfectly shaded by the overhanging rocks, and surrounded it. I would have been impossible to find a place which promised to the weary traveler a more agreeable resting-place. The foot of the perpendicular rocks the spring bubbled forth and fell flaming into a little basin carpeted with sand as white as snow. Five or six green, leafy oaks, always sheltered from the wind and refreshed by the spring, raised themselves from its bank, and with their thick shade, finally around the basin a fine, thick, tuft of grass and a few flowers would have been found in any tavern within a circle of ten leagues.

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